

The fairy tribes we meet,  
Gay in the milkmaid's path they stand,  
They kiss her tripping feet.

"From winter's farm-yard bondage freed,  
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,  
Where green the herbage grows,  
Among the fragrant blossoms feed—  
Upon the tufts repose.

"Tossing his forelock o'er his mane,  
The foal at rest upon the plain,  
Sports with thy flexile stalk,  
Yet stoops his little neck in vain  
To crop it in his walk.

"Where thick the primrose blossoms play  
Lovely and innocent as they,  
O'er coppice, lawns, and dells,  
In bands the village children stray,  
To pluck thy honied bells.

"Whose simple sweets with curious skill,  
The frugal cottage dames distil,  
Nor envy France the vine,  
While many a festal cup they fill,  
Of Britain's homely wine."

The Cowslip is very common in many parts of England, and in some counties a sweet and pleasant wine is made from its blossoms, which is slightly narcotic, and considered the most wholesome of home made wines, and an ointment made from the leaves, is used to remove tan and freckles from the complexion. The "palsy wort" was a

name formerly given to this flower, and was of some note as a medicine. The French call it *herbe de la paralysie*. Nightingales are said by some ornithologists, to be only found where cowslips are plentiful.

"Oh! fragrant dwellers of the lea,  
When first the wild wood rings  
With each sound of vernal minstrelsy,  
When fresh the green grass springs.

"What can the blessed spring restore  
More gladdening than your charms  
Bringing the memory once more  
Of lovely fields and farms.

"Of thickets, breezes, birds and flowers,  
Of life's unfolding prime,  
Of thoughts as cloudless as the hours,  
Of souls without a crime.

"Oh! blessed, blessed do ye seem,  
For even now I turned  
With soul athirst for wood and stream  
From streets that glared and burned.

"From the hot town, where mortal care  
His crowded fold doth pen;  
Where stagnates the polluted air  
In many a sultry den.

"And are ye here? and are ye here?  
Drinking the dew like wine,  
Midst living gales and waters dear,  
And heaven's unstinted shine.